

# The Sketch

No. 1210—Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



THE WAIST OF VENUS AND THE FOOT OF CINDERELLA: MISS THING (MISS HILDA TREVELYAN) COMPARES TAPE MEASUREMENTS WITH "MRS. BODIE," IN "A KISS FOR CINDERELLA."

As mentioned on our double-page illustrating Sir James Barrie's new play, "A Kiss for Cinderella," at Wyndham's Theatre, the Cinderella is little Miss Thing, maid-of-all-work to a London sculptor named Bodie. In his studio stood a copy of the Venus de Milo, which Cinderella, nicknamed "Mrs. Bodie." Comparing the ample

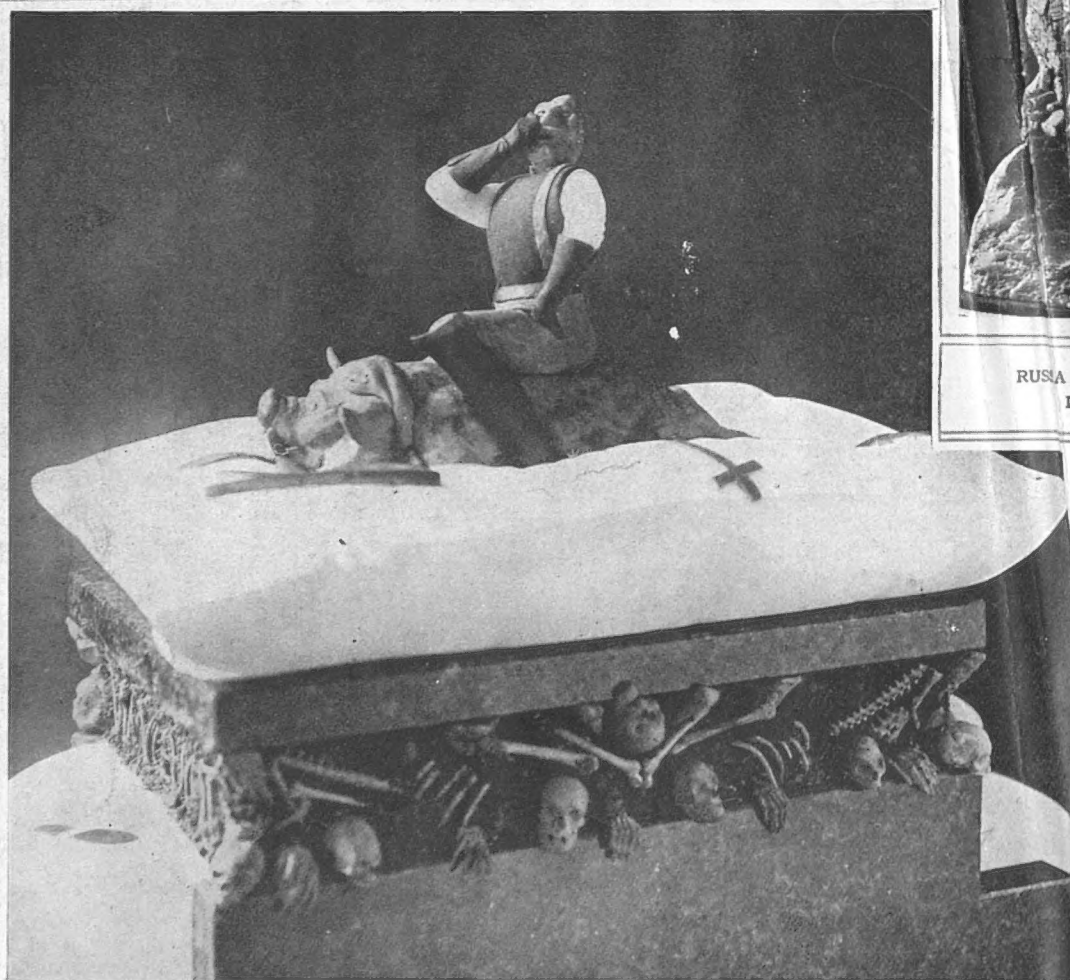
proportions of the Queen of Love with her own modest measurements, Miss Thing felt a sense of shame, but she was consoled by discovering that Venus had big feet, while she herself possessed a pair of "tootsies." Her mind is actively at work balancing comparison with expression.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



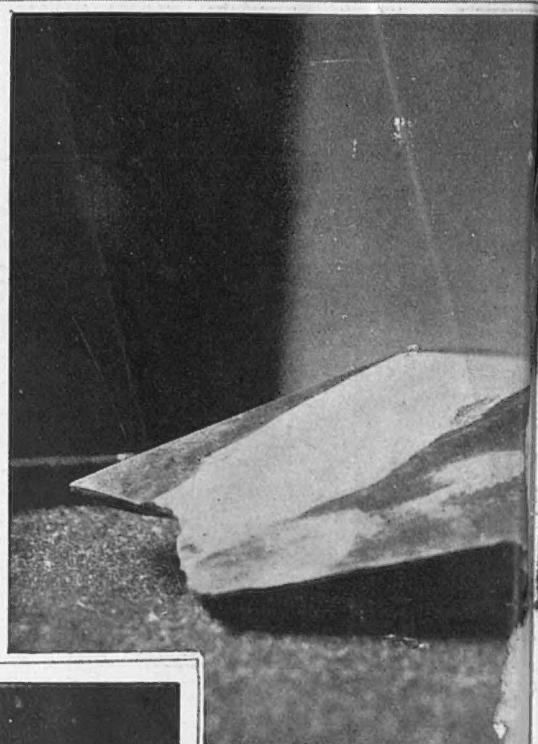
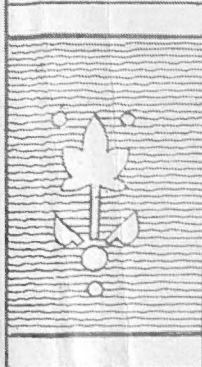
# CARTOONS AND ALLEGORY IN PRECIOUS AND COLOURED



GREAT BRITAIN REPRESENTED AS A SEAL, IN ALLUSION TO HER NAVY.



THE KAISER AS THE "ALMIGHTY EGO" RIDING A PIG ACROSS THE GRAVE OF HIS SUBJECTS.



GERMANY AS A HELM DEBT



RUSA — AN ALLEGORY IN STONES.



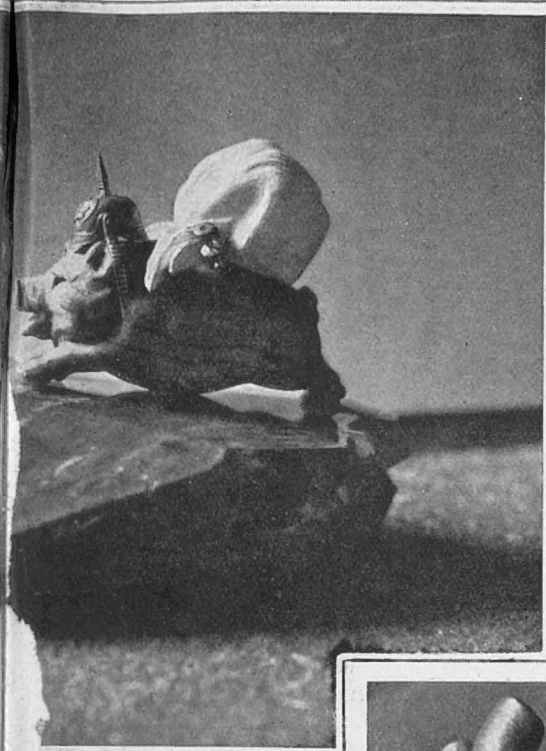
THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR: CHAOS

During the Great War there have been many cartoons in colour and in black and white here we have the cartoon, and also the alleg

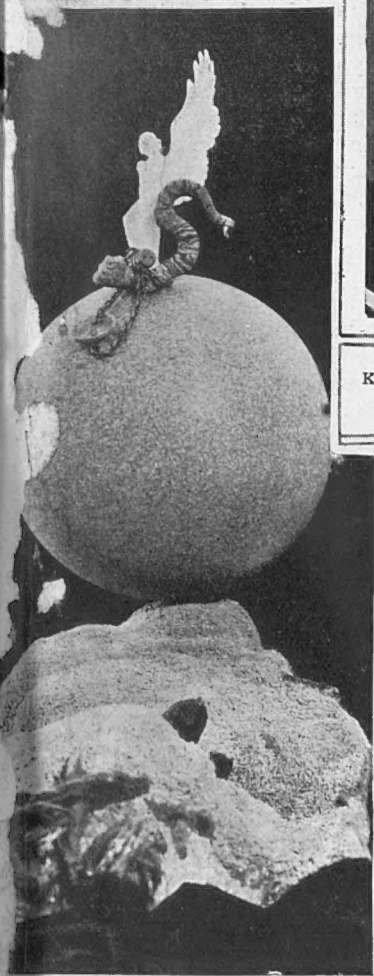
Photograph



# STONES: CURIOUS TOPICAL SCULPTURES FROM PETROGRAD.



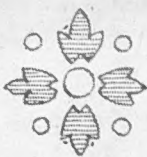
WITH A LOAD OF BACK.



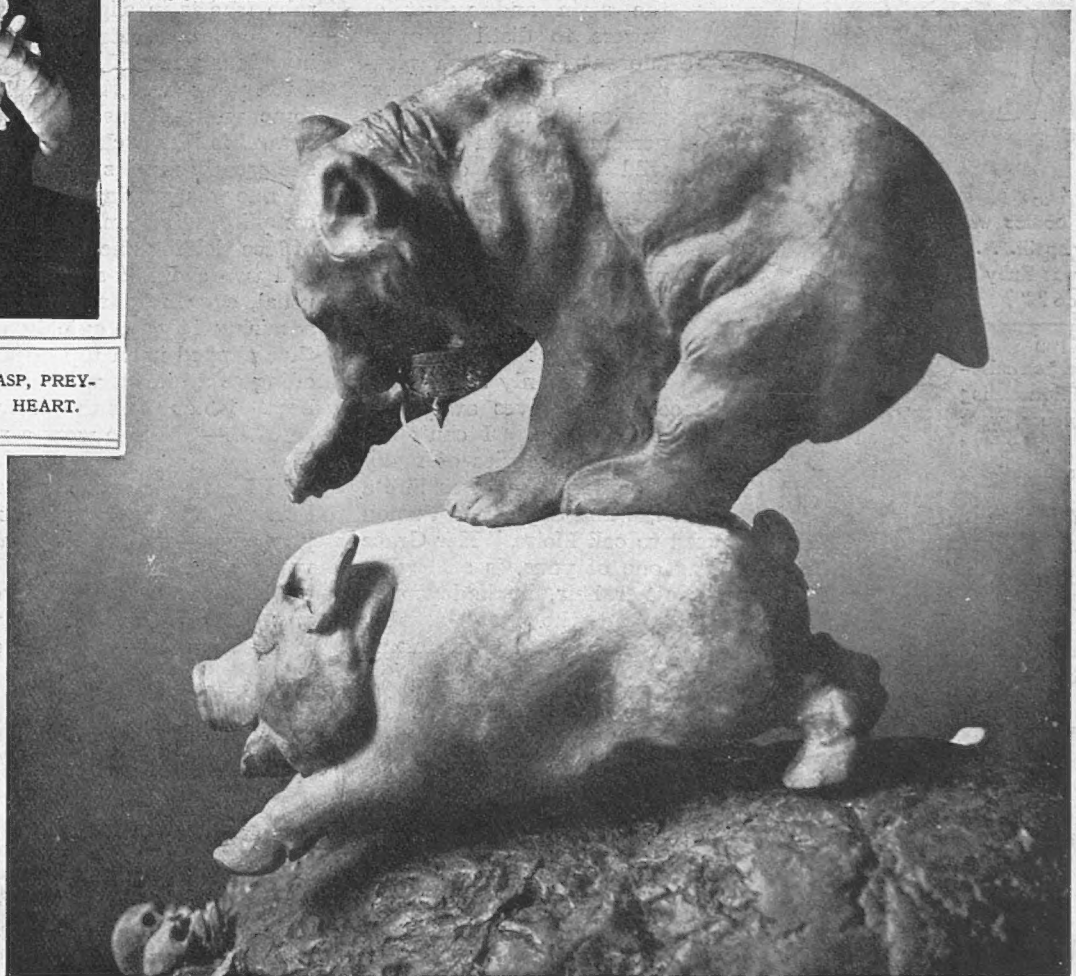
THE SERPENT-KAISER TO EARTH.



KING FERDINAND AS A WASP, PREY-ING ON HIS COUNTRY'S HEART.



AUSTRIA AS A MONKEY, AND SERBIA AS A PORCUPINE USING ITS QUILLS.



THE RUSSIAN BEAR ON THE BACK OF THE SQUEALING GERMAN PIG, AND CUFFING IT.

in precious and coloured stones. The figures are from an exhibition now being held in Petrograd, and are the work of Dinostoff Ouralsky.  
Underwood and Underwood.



# PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

THE SCENT-LESS, SWEET-LESS CITY.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

HOW are we to manage, we women? Have you heard?—it seems that perfumes and perfume's spirit are not to be imported any more! As, I suppose, your chemists are otherwise engaged than in experimenting with petals, one of our most seductive charms will thus evaporate. When the shops' stock of scent shall be exhausted, we'll be like flowers that have lost their soul! To smell of honest soap is well enough, but it's hardly intoxicating, and, of all cities where perfume is an almost imperative pleasure, London is! London, with its odour of damp and soot and tar. Whenever I go back to France and open my boxes on the other side, my women friends sniff and say: "On a renversé du goudron sur tes bagages!" ("They have upset some coal-tar on your luggage!"); upon which I tell them, "It's merely the odour of dear old London."

To be deprived of sugar was bad enough; but to be deprived of perfume is worse! Sweet-less and scent-less London will indeed be a sad city! Flirtations are few and far between leaves, and cut-flowers are forbidden in the name of economy! One should not really grumble at retrenching, while "yous" are in the trenches; but—most of this life's fun has flown!

It would be a fascinating profession for women, that of perfume-making: the satin and velvet of flowers to distil into an odorant dew—much pleasanter than sweeping stables! And apropos of perfumes, wasn't Moira wild the other day! It seems she has had for years a particular perfume from Paris. She was very proud of it, and kept from everyone the secret of its essence. No one can keep one's secret as a woman can—it's only some other

people's secret she sometimes gives away! I often envied Moira her perfume. I can't describe it. There were in it memories of many flowers and the glory of spring—it was like a whole garden in May stretching itself in the mid-day sun. Vernon was awfully fascinated with it. He used to call Moira "Her Grace of the Garden." Vernon, besides being one of yous, is somewhat of a poet, and ever since Moira put up her hair, he had proven to be the handiest, most enthusiastic, and the most reliably "ever-there" of her admirers. But Moira had a bosom friend,



(A.)  
"The bodice was utterly spoilt. . . What was Ruby to do?"



(B.)  
"In a chemise-top masquerading as a blouse, went out, . . . looking her best."

Violet, a very pretty girl, too, and who knew how to wear her clothes, high and low, with an air and a neck. Unfortunately, she, Violet, was guilty of one unpardonable sin in the disdainful eyes of Vernon. She committed the obvious—she was using essence of violets to match her name! It smelt so of banality to the fastidious nostrils of Vernon with the complex soul—no mystery there! no symphony of a thousand essences soothing and stimulating the senses! Indeed, he even passed some poetically, politely disagreeable remark about it. And from that day, perfidy took a part in that perfume-play. Violet discovered, by some uncricket machination, the composition of Moira's scent, and appropriated it to her own use. When Moira perceived this, she was highly indignant, and did the only thing a woman of spirit would do. She had another preparation made for her, an exquisite and piquant breath of verberna and mignonette, and the chemist knew what else besides! But men,

even poets, are creatures of habit. Habit leads them by the nose—it did in Vernon's case, anyhow; he followed the perfume that had flattered his nostrils for so long. Poor Moira lost both her perfume and her poet!

And about perfume, that silly boy, Reggie, got Ruby into such a fix the other evening. He is a dear, though, really. He came home with a wounded arm, and he never was very nimble with his hands at any time; I don't know, of course, but Ruby says so. Ruby is maid-less at present, and as they were going out for dinner, Reggie said he would help his wife to dress. "All right," sweetly said the unsuspecting Ruby, "will you spray me?" To show his goodwill, he seized a perfume-bottle and just poured down his wife's bodice about a pint of "Rose d'Orsay"! "Just as if he were helping himself to whisky," said Ruby. With the result that the bodice was utterly spoilt—the black chiffon ran all over the white insertion; one sleeve was dripping, and the room was like a perfume-shop after the traditional bull had completed its inventory!

What was Ruby to do? It was no good scolding Reggie, he always means so well, and, besides, she is too fond and proud of her glorious you. But she thought she would have to wire a head-ache to her hostess. She had no other evening black dress in her wardrobe (she is in slight mourning), all the shops were closed, and it was too late to adapt or improvise any new bodice. But we are an ingenious sex, and, as you know—no, of course, you don't know till I tell you; well, black silk chemises are considered very smart by some white-skinned and sunny-haired women, and as Ruby *au naturel* is like a cherry-blossom, and her hair the colour of straw, she greatly fancies herself in all-black from under to over.

She was wearing one of those, just then. Oh, they are not very complicated affairs. A yard of silk with a seam on each side, a frill of lace tickling one's knees, an insertion wherein to thread a ribbon, and two shoulder-straps. But it is more than is required, than is usual, even, for an evening bodice. Brainy Ruby, helped by an admiring Reggie, quickly unpicked her skirt from its upper part, then slipped it on top of her undie, and, in a chemise-top masquerading as a blouse, went out to dine *en grande peau*, and looking her best. No one was the wiser—except, perhaps, poor Reggie.

N.B.—She also wore a rope of pearls.

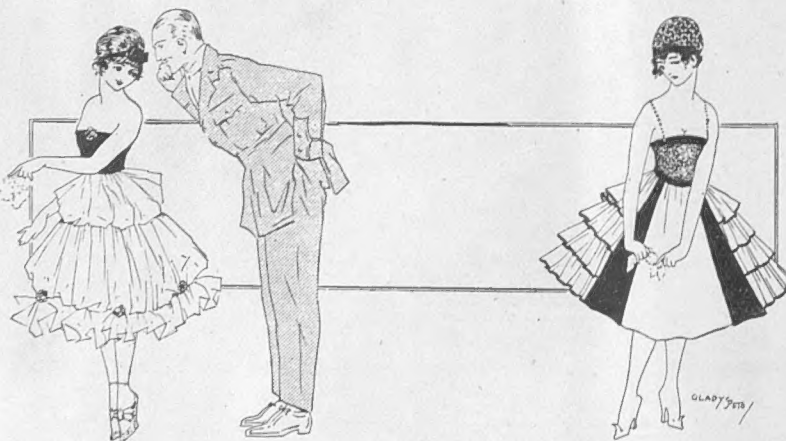
I heard yesterday a rather delicious story. The advantage of being "Influenzed" and unable to frisk about is that people take pity on you and try to amuse you (and succeed), while, when well, you are expected to amuse them! Here is the story. A charming old lady who had been a great Society belle when—the Kaiser was cutting his teeth, not to go farther back than the unChristian Era—was lentling fast these days, in the hope that, to those who

lent much, much might be given and forgiven. Not that she had anything very special to be forgiven for. She was a very old lady, you see. I suppose she had had occasion, in her time, to turn over many new pages (with a "Cherubin," perhaps, among them), but these were very yellow leaves by now. However, she went the other day to her father-confessor for a thorough spring-cleaning of her soul. To him she said, *sans reticence*, all the sins

that are sweet in the sinning, whatever Swinburne meant by that—eating too many *bonbons*, probably! "But, my dear daughter," said the good father, vastly surprised that such an ancient-looking



"It is a difficult feat to carry an umbrella, a lap-dog, and parcels."



"He followed the perfume that had flattered his nostrils for so long. Poor Moira lost both her perfume and her poet!"



penitent could be really guilty of what she was confessing (for to crunch pralines and nougats, you must at least have some teeth left!) "But, my dear daughter, *when* did you lend your ear to the Evil One?" "About fifty years ago, my Father," quavered the frail one feebly.

"Fifty years ago!" exclaimed the good priest, aghast. "Oh! my daughter, there was no need for you to confess of these sins! After so many years of a good life, surely your faults are forgiven!"

"I know; at least, I hope so, my Father; but"—with mixed pride and pathos—"I like to talk about it!"

I am always vastly pleased to be of any use to you, but remember that the more explicit you are the more it will help me to help you. Now you, "Dudley," for instance, who ask me to advise you in choosing a suitable birthday present for Her. If only I knew Her—her age, appearance, means, taste, and disposition—I could advise you to some purpose; but you are so vague! The word "suitable" is so elastic! A pair of goloshes, for example, is suitable; but to one who lolls about in a Rolls-Royce it would be somewhat superfluous! The wisest thing would be to ask Her what

would make her gay on her birthday, if she is young enough to be gay on her birthday! I much prefer our French custom to celebrate our patron Saint's date rather than the —th or —d year of our own tender and innocent life! Much more tactful! And then we get a sort of reflected glory, don't you know, in having flowers and sweets (and things less ephemeral!) laid on our altar—or hall-stand at least—because, say, Ste. Phrynette is being recorded that day on the calendar!

But that's not helping you much, "Dudley," is it? Let me see, I am not overfond of the word "suitable"; it seems, somehow, as if you had just stopped short of adding

"and useful." It suggests cotton gloves, and big, square, thick, and honest handkerchiefs. "Suitable," hum! Does She live in these merry but moist isles? What about an umbrella? They are making dinky ducks of umbrellas just now, amusingly stumpy, with a little gold cap like the lid of a sovereign-purse, or any coloured stone can replace the gold—blue or grey or violet, to match her eyes; or red or black or brown, to match her hair; or green, to symbolise her innocence! But the thing really worth noticing about those umbrellas is the leather wrist-strap attached to each. You may not grasp all at once the importance of the detail; but, dear Dudley, did you only know it, the strap is the sign of this strenuous yet simple life. It shows that, from the lazy, leisurely aristocrats who used to stroll idly in Selfrod's Stores, order a penny packet of salt, and have it sent home by two liveried men and a motor-van, we have become earnest, determined, intrepid parcel-carriers. Hence the umbrella strap. It is a difficult feat to carry

an umbrella, a lap-dog, and parcels. Yet it is unwise in England to go umbrella-less, and un-English to go dog-less! So we leash our "gamp" to our wrist, and our dogs are learning to walk just as if they were humans, poor darlings! By the time you get your leave, Camarade, you will be able to see the acrobatic achievements of the self-appointed commissionaires. Coming up Park Lane of a spring morning, you'll pass a proud procession of patriotic parcel-carriers. Nothing sneaky or shame-faced about them! None of the sandwiches-in-the-music-case spirit there! The glow of duty done and effort will embellish their countenance! They will hug their cabbages, juggle with their tomatoes, shoulder their sacks of potatoes, embrace their bacon-side for all the world to see and do likewise! The women will disdain using their muff to smuggle home a leg of lamb—they will bring it bravely like a bouquet. The men will look down upon the subterfuge of hiding fish under their top-hat, and if they do stuff onions in their pockets, it is that, after all, pockets are meant to carry things in!

The economy campaign has its pleasant side. Listen to what happened to a maid who went a-marketing. A pretty girl I know—you'd like to too, would not you?—took the officials' mandates

about economy very seriously, also some remarks made in an article by a sister journalist about personal shopping. She used thereafter to go to Soho market and buy in provisions, her neat little general behind following with the bags. She had not perfected her 'prenticeship of parcel-carrying yet, apparently. Early one morning a young you called—ostensibly to call on sweet-and-twenty's mother. Sweet-and-twenty was out. He waited. She appeared with her neat maid and the appetising shopping, and he proposed the first minute they had together alone, while her carefully chosen comestibles were being cooked. Next leave they are to get married. Funny, netting a husband in a string-bag!



"A pair of goloshes, for example, is suitable!"

I hope, I *trust*, London people like music! Those who don't, I see nothing for them but exile or cotton-wool tightly packed in their ears! There's never been so much harmony here as in war time—a patriotic paradox!

Formerly we women would worm out each other's dressmaker's address, or beauty-parlour's rites, or—those of *them* who were cats (note I don't say "us")—annex our pet man-of-leisure. Now we specialise in poaching on our dear friends' concert dates! Oh, Charity, what discord is committed in thy name! Since our Atkins boys have been entertained so regally at Buckingham Palace the Concert craze is getting worse than ever. It would seem that, to some women, not to give a concert is equivalent to committing social suicide! One of these days there will be a strike of wounded Tommies. What with the hackneyed music-hall songs and cold chestnuts they have to listen to and politely grin at, they nearly fall off their seats with weariness! Sometimes the tea compensates them for the tune, and sometimes it does not! However, they are brave men. Of course, some of the shows with professionals and a programme that has not been put together by flappers abetted by their proud mammas prove to be a pure pleasure to the men; but the private Concert-Hall is chiefly paved with good intentions! Artists are proving themselves magnificently generous, though, of presence, purse, and talent; but there are not enough of them to go round to all the Concerts! Indeed, they are so hard-worked these days that it seems a shame scheming hostesses should try to take advantage of their kind heart; but they do. A friend of mine, a French dancer, was telling me the other day that at a concert (of course!) she was almost avalanched under a large-sized, opulently dressed lady who, smiling widely at her, squashed her hand under her many rings and exclaimed, "My dear Mademoiselle Pirouette, how do you do? I was just thinking of writing to you. I am giving a little dinner-party next Thursday, quite a *small* affair—these days, you know—merely twenty people or so. I'd be so delighted if you could come—1010, Mayfair Terrace, Mrs. Quickgold, the big house with the pink pillars, next to the Duke of Crewsading's."

My friend did not remember the lady particularly, but she thought she ought to, judging by her warmth and cordiality. Her face was of the "already seen" sort—probably at some social squeeze or other. "Merci, Madame," she said sweetly; "I will come voulez zee greatest pleasure!" "How charming of you! Signora Vocalista will be there; also Stella Bright, the diseuse; and perhaps Colophano, the 'cellist, you know;

and oh, Mlle. Pirouette, I so much admired you in that 'Spider's' *pas seul* at the Dome Theatre the other evening! I wonder whether you would be so very kind as to dance it for us on Thursday?"

"Ah, ah, *voilà donc!*" thought Pirouette; and, aloud, "Certainly, Madame; but I leave all zee business to my agent—I am

"Coming up Park Lane of a spring morning, you'll pass a proud procession of patriotic parcel-carriers."

so stupid me, you see! Perhaps you will write to him?" And the Lady did; she had to—to (how do you say?) save her face, or hide her cheek, which?

It is only right I should tell you, Pirouette is the best little soul in the world. She never says no to Charity (that does not begin At Home!); but, though she dances, *elle ne marche pas*—into traps!





# SMALL TALK

NOT content with doing great things with her concert, Mrs. Colefax has also sold quantities of tickets for the Poets' Afternoon at Baroness d'Erlanger's. The tickets cost a guinea a time, and it is generally admitted that it was a stroke of genius to hit on that sum. It would have been quite natural, but a great mistake, to have charged five shillings or seven-and-six for an occasion which numbers of people wouldn't miss, as it turns out, at any price. There are likely to be as many twenty-one-shilling buyers as the place will hold, and the chances of money-making in the good cause do not end there. There is a book-auction to be reckoned with.

acceptance goes forward as of old. There is this difference—a sentimental one. It is impossible to be very sorry for the rejected, or very glad for the accepted. The Academy itself will, I hear, be much like Academies of the past; but nobody can pretend that the anxieties are the same. The outsider who used to feel dreadfully dismal on the score of being skied, or the Academician who went grumbling all over the place on private-view day about being put into a corner among reflected lights will be less vehement in this year of distractions. And there is no Banquet.

*That Cross.* The Tennants, Lady Granby, and her husband's famous sisters are jubilant. Captain Tennant's Military Cross was just the thing to rejoice the various families concerned. Staff appointments and other honours of that more calculated order are all very well in their way, but if they are bestowed on a soldier who happens to bear the name of Tennant they are apt to be discounted by the cynics, how ever well deserved they be. But here is an honour racy of the battlefield, straight from the soil of Flanders; and civilian Downing Street, with its ladies, is justly gratified.

*Front and Font.* Lady Colquhoun of Luss is another of the airman's sisters. She was the brilliant Dinah Tennant of two or three gay seasons, and married Sir Iain rather more than a year back. A few weeks ago she had a baby—a son who must bear several Christian names in order to commemorate adequately the events of the year of his birth. His father, Sir Iain, distinguished himself at the front earlier in the war and was wounded; and now, at the very moment of the christening, an uncle figures in the Honours List and must be remembered at the Font.

*A Pity, but Inevitable.* There will be many to regret the passing of the Academy Banquet, but it was one of the things that could be done without, and, like so many other pleasant landmarks in the life of London, it had to go. R.A. now in the minds of most people stands for something grimmer, and perhaps greater, than acres of canvas and paint, even though genius may have been the inspiration. These are grave days, and even the cultured and charming hospitality of the President of the Royal Academy has to rank among the sacrifices of the season. The Burlington House speeches will also be missed, but they could only have been inappropriately colourless in the circumstances.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT C. R. RICHARDSON: MISS WINIFRED MAY LODGE.

Miss Lodge is the eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred Lodge, Charterhouse, Godalming. Lieutenant Richardson, Royal West Kent Regiment (attd. R.F.C.), is the son of Mr. W. R. Richardson, Ravensell, Bromley.

Photograph by Sarony.

to visit—just because, for one reason, it was so securely sheltered against the busy crowd that buys and sells tickets, gives indiscriminate dinners and dances, and in a thousand-and-one ways is always moving—very actively moving—in Society. Another seller for next Tuesday's performance is Mr. Nigel Playfair, who was playing a small part the other day at the Court; and he and Miss Elizabeth Asquith are running each other hard for the best-sales record.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN G. STANLEY BRIGHTEN: MISS SISSELLE VIVIEN WRAY.

Miss Wray is the daughter of the late Mr. George Crofton Wray, Straits Settlements Civil Service, and Mrs. Wray, Berkeley Gardens, W. Captain Brighten is in the King's Liverpool Regiment.

Photograph by Swaine.

charming house of one of the most charming and beautiful of householders.

*The R.A.*

Strange, to think that the usual Academy is on us at all! Strange, that already stacks of canvases are at Burlington House, and that the grave task of rejection and

*Honours Even, So Far.*

Mrs. Charles Hunter, too, is responsible for tickets, and 30, Old Burlington Street is now one of the four centres for their distribution. Old Burlington Street, it goes without saying, hardly knows itself now that Mr. Sargent has departed. It was one of the few places in London he really cared



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN L. S. MACPHAIL: MISS H. B. ENGLAND.

Miss England is the daughter of the late Mr. A. England, of Gilstead Hall, Bingley, Yorkshire. Captain MacPhail, City of London Regiment, is the son of the late Mr. A. MacPhail, Inveraray.

Photograph by Langfrier.

*A Full House.*

A swagger performance was arranged this week by Lady Cunard at Lady Islington's house in Chesterfield Gardens. Her piece was a new play by Yeats, her leading man was Ainley, and her costume and mask designer was Edmund Dulac. The thing was swagger all through; the masks were the very latest thing in the art of the theatre; and the singers and musicians who took the place of scenery, of which there was none, were quite in accordance with the modern revival of the ancient chorus. The Countess of Ancaster, Lady Edmund Talbot, and Mrs. Arthur James helped to fill the

ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT THOMAS HENRY WILLES CHITTY: MISS VIOLET ELIZABETH BECHER.

Miss Becher is the only daughter of Major S. F. Becher, R.F.A., and Mrs. Becher. Lieutenant Chitty, R.F.A., is the eldest son of Mr. T. Willes Chitty, barrister-at-law, of Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. GUY TUFTON: MISS MARJORIE N. THOMPSON.

Miss Thompson is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Thompson, of Porchester Square. Mr. Tufton is son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Tufton, Palace Court, W.

Photograph by Swaine.

himself at the front earlier in the war and was wounded; and now, at the very moment of the christening, an uncle figures in the Honours List and must be remembered at the Font.



ENGAGED TO MR. JULIAN I. PIGGOTT: MISS N. HOWARD.

Miss Howard is the second, daughter of Mr. Ernest Howard, and step-daughter of Mrs. Ernest Howard, The White House, Heath End, Farnham. Mr. Piggott is the younger son of Sir Francis Piggott, late Chief Justice of Hong Kong, and of Lady Piggott, Ewhurst, Surrey.

Photograph by Langfrier.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT E. G. HAY: MISS ASCELIN FRANCES COLLETT-MASON. Miss Collett-Mason is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Collett-Mason, of Nieuport, Hereford. Lieut. Hay, Army Service Corps, is son of the late Major-General Alex. C. Hay, Madras Staff Corps, and Mrs. Hay, Camberley.

Photograph Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CYRIL CROSSLEY: MISS HÉLÈNE LE MOTTEÉ.

Miss Le Mottée is the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. B. Le Mottée, of West Garth, Hesse, East Yorkshire. Captain Crossley is in the West Riding Battery, Royal Field Artillery.

Photograph by Lafayette.



## DEBENHAM — NOT FREE BODY: A SKIRT-BOUND COLUMBINE.



VERA DE VERE IN A CRINOLINE: MISS CICELY DEBENHAM AS COLUMBINE IN THE HARLEQUINADE,  
"A MERRY DEATH."

Miss Cicely Debenham was cast for the part of Columbine in the harlequinade, "A Merry Death," by Nikolai Evreinof, which the Pioneer Players arranged to produce at the Savoy Theatre on Sunday, along with a three-act play entitled "Ellen Young." Columbine is arrayed—one might almost say, incarcerated—in a voluminous flounced skirt of the crinoline type, while her fair head is imprisoned in a veil. As one of our

photographs shows, however, the veil on occasion may be lifted. On week-days, it will be recalled, Miss Cicely Debenham appears in "My Lady Frayle," at the Shaftesbury, as Vera de Vere, the variety girl who has the courage to kiss a Canon. Her humour and vivacity do much to make the success of that piece. Her appearance in "The Merry Death" will surely be a success—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot").

## A Happy Release.

By the time these lines are in print a certain notorious person will have vanished from the face of the world. I venture to predict that his decease will be welcomed by all. He has proved himself, during his active lifetime, a thorough-paced Hun. He has proved himself deceitful. He could smile, but his smile was the smile of Judas. Being a bully, it follows that he was a coward. The two qualities are inseparable.

He ground the faces of the poor. The poor with whom he came in contact loathed him with a bitter loathing. The poor will, I trust and believe, dance at his funeral. He has certainly shown himself an arrogant fellow to the poor.

The rich, naturally, have been able to avoid him to a great extent, but he was sufficiently thick-skinned to ignore their expressions of dislike. He forced himself upon their company as much as possible. Though they shuddered at his approach—and even the rich must occasionally shudder—that had little or no effect upon him. Never was such a pachydermatous fellow.

Even as I write, he is exhibiting himself in his very worst colours. He is determined to die universally loathed. He will, at any rate, be true to his own standard. He will bluster, and brag, and bully to the very end. Let me write his epitaph—

Here,  
Regretted by none, but  
Loathed by All,  
lies  
MARCH 1916.

## "Is Racing a Luxury?"

I see that the Rector of Merstham has been the means of starting a discussion in a daily paper under the above heading. He was induced to make his protest against racing in war-time by the extraordinary procession of cars that passed through Merstham going to and returning from Gatwick.

Mr. Horace Lennard has replied to the Rector by pointing out that there is no "luxury" about racing at the present time, and that racing is necessary if the breed of English horses is to be maintained at a high level. We all understand the latter statement, more or less, but people who live on a main road between London and a popular race-course find it a little difficult to appreciate the fact that there is no luxury about racing at the present time.

I saw the procession of cars to which the Rector alludes, and I have now forced myself to believe Mr. Lennard's statement. I admit that I thought, in common with my ignorant neighbours, that all those young men, rather fat in the face, smoking large cigars, and tucked snugly into cars and taxis, were off to Gatwick for a rather jolly, not to say luxurious, day.

I pictured them in the paddock, and in the Grand Stand, and in the luncheon-room, and at the bar, and back in their seats again, and so home to dinner in a restaurant and an hour at a music-hall! I honestly thought that they were out for a day of that kind!

Idiot! All those young fellows, careworn and anxious for all their fat faces and fat cigars, had but one idea in their heads—to improve the breed of our horses! All honour to such patriots!

## A Warning.

This will be a warning to me. My heart aches when I think how I wronged the Gatwick crowd. I remember, for example, a car that passed me on its way home. I was in the local omnibus. The conductor—a girl—was on the footboard. This car contained the usual complement of four or five men and the driver. As they passed the 'bus, they waved arms and sticks at the conductor, and shouted "salutations." Honestly, I thought they were half-drunk!

That little incident goes to show how easily we may mistake our fellow-men. So far from being drunk, or half-drunk, or even a quarter drunk, these splendid gentlemen were merely elated by the fact that they had been doing their duty by Old England. They wanted the lady-conductor to feel quite sure that they had done their utmost to perpetuate the breed of the best horses in this country. They were fired by a zeal almost religious.

Somebody in the 'bus said: "What a disgusting sight in war-time!"

That passenger will now, I trust, do penance for the remark. And the mere fact that the cars passed at the rate of fifty or something a minute shows the determination of the Londoner to win the war. Just imagine the number of people who devote dozens and dozens of laborious days to this sort of thing! And not only men! Women, bless you, as well! Women in sacrificial hats and penitential coats! Women who would not flinch at any price for a hat if only the breed of horses might be maintained! Noble, noble creatures! My pen drops from my hand as I think of their patriotic ear-rings, and my eyes are filled with tears of remorse for the mental wrong that I did them!

## Hints for Sub-Editors.

Wood - pulp being scarce and newspapers consequently smaller—if they are smaller—sub-editors might spare us such passages as those marked in italics—

"An aeroplane passed over London yesterday. *Its progress across the Metropolis was watched by large and interested crowds.*"

"It is known that President's Wilson's patience is exhausted,

and, although he will approach the question of the action to be taken against Germany in this case very charily and with the caution natural to him, he will not fail to act swiftly once he reaches a decision."

So much for space-saving. On the other hand, when a man in a public position makes a startling observation, a brief biographical note might be attached. For example, the magistrate at the West London Police Court is reported to have said—

"If a woman becomes unbearable a man can leave her. I cannot advise you to knock her about. In the olden times, two hundred years ago, a husband might have taken a stick and beaten her, or else she might have been ducked on the ducking-stool. Unfortunately, we are too civilised to do these things."

And now we should all like to know (a) the name of this magistrate, and (b) whether he is married or single.

The human newspaper is supposed to have descended upon us. Let us hope it never will. We should spend so much time in reading it that work would become a thing of the past. As things are, an intelligent man can get the heart out of any daily newspaper in seven minutes.

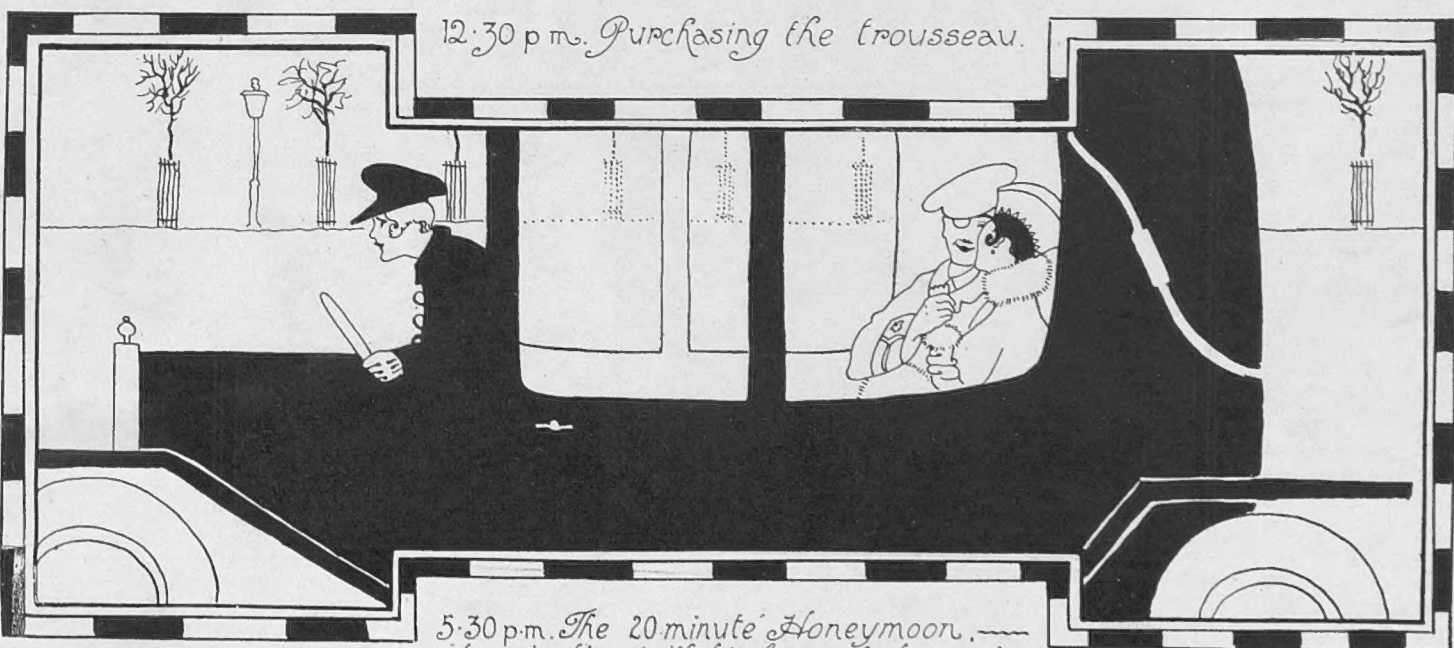
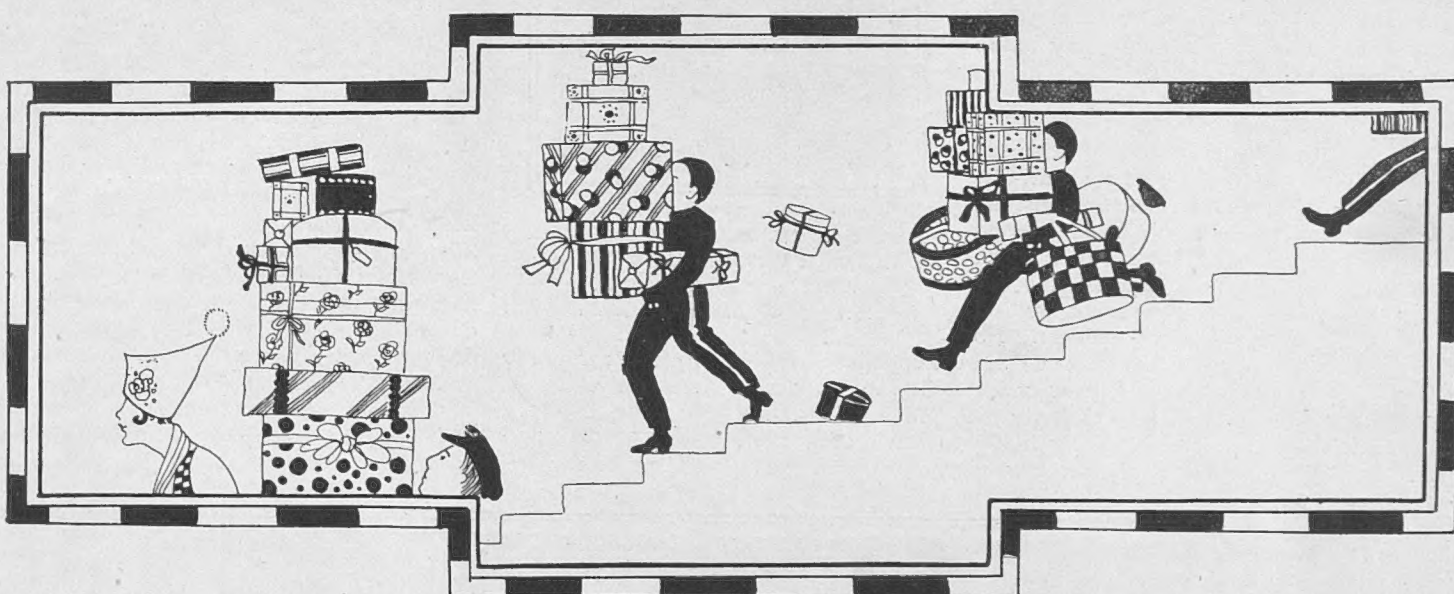


ON TOUR IN THE REVUE, "BRIDES": MISS ETHEL OLIVER.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE WAR-WEDDING!







# THE CLUBMAN

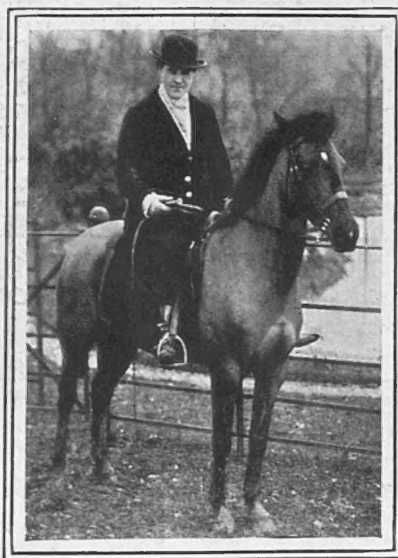
THE AMATEUR STRATEGIST: SPIES AND SEAPLANES: THE INVASION BOGEY.

**Civilian Strategy.** Civilian strategy, whether it relates to land operations or those of the sea, is always of the boldest character, because the strategist does not know the opposition that is likely to be offered. A case in point is the air raid by seaplanes against the airship-sheds in Schleswig-Holstein. There has been a general cry through the correspondence columns in the newspapers that the best method of countering air attacks on England is by destroying the airship-sheds in Germany and Belgium, and the Zeppelins that are housed in them. What many of these correspondents forget is that the Germans are perfectly aware that such attempts are likely to be made, and that they have shielded their Zeppelin bases by grouping anti-aircraft guns in every direction from which a British air attack is likely to be made. When setting out for such an attack our naval officers and our flying officers know of the dangers they are likely to encounter, but the civilian only learns of them after the raid. In the Schleswig-Holstein raid three out of the five seaplanes sent up failed to return, and three to two are about the odds, on an occasion of this kind, that every flying officer most cheerfully takes against returning safely.

**A German Pin-Prick.** I should fancy that the German official statement that the German anti-aircraft guns which brought down the three British seaplanes "had been previously warned" is intended to stir up dissatisfaction in English coast towns, in which mayors and town councillors have protested that they are not warned in time of the coming of aerial raiders. No mention is made in any despatch of German Zeppelins being on scouting duty at the time of our raid, and the trawlers who were on the look-out were so heavily handled by T.B.D.s and light cruisers that they are hardly likely to have seen the seaplanes; and, if they gave a general warning that a British squadron was approaching the coast, it was the most they would be able to do before they were destroyed or sought safety in flight. A spy might have sent a warning from the base port from which the British escort set out, but I fancy that German spies have during the past year found Great Britain, and particularly the coast, a very unhealthy country. It seems quite a long time since I have read in the papers of any cases in the law courts against suspected spies, and an officer quartered at the Tower told me that, so far as he knew, no spy had been shot there in the Bowling Alley for quite a long period.

**Invasion Fears.** The Germans lately have in sheltered waters exercised squadrons of various sizes, mostly of small craft, with Zeppelins to act as scouts for them, as well as to aid in fighting an adversary by dropping bombs from above. If the

Germans ever do make an attempt to invade Great Britain—and it has always been recognised that such an attempt is likely to come as one of their last desperate throws of the dice—no doubt the Zeppelins and other lighter-than-air craft will come into action, and their great submarine fleet will also be used against the sea forces we shall bring into play. It is likely, if an invasion is tried, that a great general action will be fought at the time that the Germans attempt to convoy to our coasts a great fleet of transports; and, though a naval victory for the Germans is just as unlikely as is a successful invasion of Great Britain, the time is not far distant when the Kaiser and his advisers will be obliged to resort to desperate methods. The attack on Verdun marks, it seems to me, the transition period between Germany's sane offensive policy with overwhelming masses of men and her mad-dog tactics as the balance in numbers gradually falls to the side of the Allies. And, when Germany becomes a mad dog, we shall get a full share of its bites.



MASTER OF THE BLAKE HALL BEAGLES, WITH WHICH WOUNDED HAVE JUST HAD A DAY: MISS C. WATERS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bur.a.s.

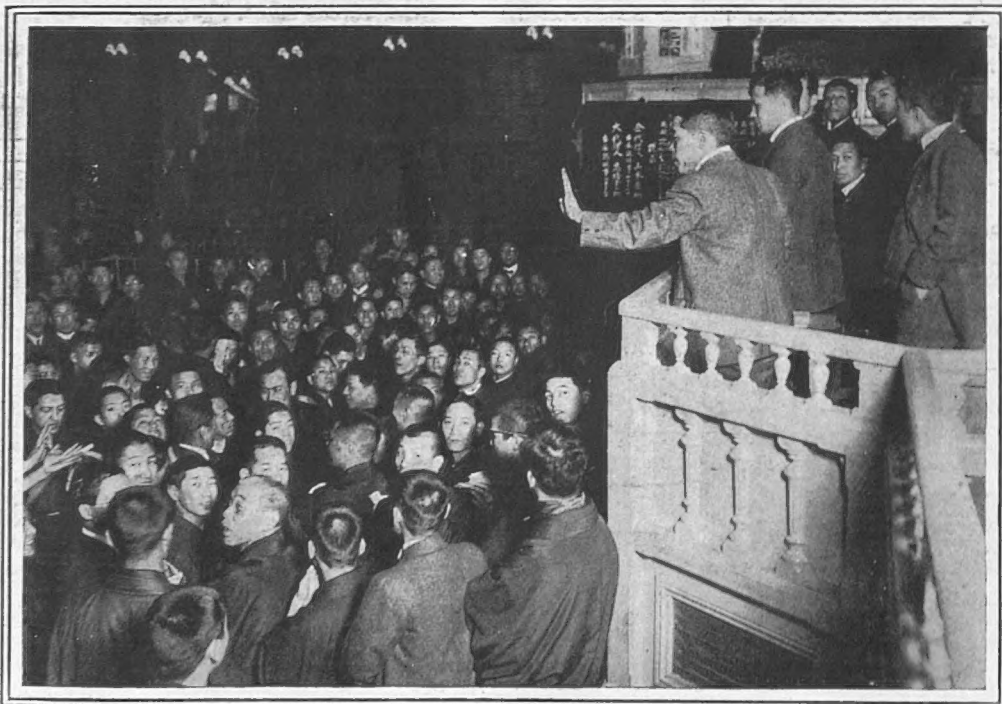
## We Shall Keep Our Heads.

If by any chance the Germans did get their transports through the squadrons of submarines and torpedo craft which guard our vulnerable coasts, and if they landed an army of 100,000 men somewhere on the coast, though it would hurt our feelings, and perhaps our prestige, that our inviolate shores should thus be sullied, I am sure that we should keep our heads, as we have done when the Zeppelins have been over us. I have no doubt that the directions given long ago to the inhabitants of the sea-coast would be carried out at once, and that the plans that Headquarters have made for every eventuality would work perfectly smoothly.

**The "Dismal Jimmies."** Some of those false prophets, the pessimists and the dismal Jimmies, have taken it for granted that the Generals and the troops who are

retained in Great Britain are untrained, inefficient, and unreliable. No man who knows what troops there are in this country will oblige our enemies by giving them a list; but the faint-hearted ones in our midst can rest assured that we have in these islands a quite sufficient force to deal with any army the enemy can land, and that there is as large a proportion of picked troops of crack regiments in our home armies as there is in our Expeditionary Forces. Lord Kitchener, Lord French, and Sir William Robertson all are deeply interested in the problems of home defence, the Generals in command of the home armies are all experienced officers

who have fought in many campaigns and in whom their troops have perfect faith; and the men with the greatest knowledge of our preparations to resist an invasion always express a very keen desire that the enemy should oblige us by crossing the sea to be killed.



IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE—TOKIO: A BUSY SCENE.

Photograph by C.N.



## SOCIETY IN FURS: A FINE MORNING IN THE PARK.



THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE.



MAJOR THE HON. C. AND LADY FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY.



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF NORTHBROOK.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. AND LADY CODRINGTON.

The bracing effect of the war would seem to have induced a hardy indifference to bitter and blustering winds, and Society is well to the fore, although in necessarily limited numbers, in Hyde Park, where our photographs were taken on a recent morning when the climatic conditions were, to put it mildly, not inviting. The Countess of Airlie, who is the subject of our first picture, is the mother of the present Earl and widow of the sixth Earl of Airlie, who fell in the South African War. Lady Airlie is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran, and is an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary.—Major the Hon. Claud Willoughby is in the Coldstream Guards Reserve, and Lieutenant-

Colonel Commanding 8th Battalion, Cheshire Regiment. He is a brother of the Earl of Ancaster, and married Lady Florence, who was a daughter of the third Marquess Conyngham, in 1905.—The Earl of Northbrook is the second holder of the title, and was A.D.C. to his father when Governor-General of India. Lady Northbrook was at the time of her marriage to the Earl the widow of Sir Robert Abercromby, seventh Baronet.—Major-General Sir Alfred Edward Codrington, K.C.V.O., C.B., has a distinguished military record. Lady Codrington was Miss Adela Harriet Portal, daughter of the late Mr. Melville Portal, of Laverstoke House, Whitchurch, Hants.

Photographs by Topical.



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

APRIL evidently is the month for revealing secrets. The new magazines contain two articles that give the go-by to the old sign of "for private circulation only." The paper on Mrs. Gladstone by her daughter in the *Cornhill* tells us quite a lot about the family slang used by the Glynnes and Lytteltons fifty years ago. Very few copies of Lord Lyttelton's "Glynese Glossary," privately printed, reached the outer world; but now all Eton can read the "little language" once favoured by the Head and his family. Eton, however, will hold to its old slang; it is more virile. The other revelations come from Mrs. Asquith, who contributes gleanings from one of her old diaries, including her first impressions of Mr. A., to the *Strand*. "For private circulation" has hitherto shielded her lengthier confessions from the public eye.

## Lady Brassey's Success.

Very interesting—more interesting than was anticipated—have been Lady Brassey's Fight for Right entertainments at 24, Park Lane. The house itself put one in the mood for good speeches, and one got them. Mr. Clutton Brock is quite a discovery as a lecturer; and Lady Brassey, who gave us tea into the bargain, made an admirable mistress of ceremonies. The meetings took place in the Arab Chamber, through the hall, where the famous cockatoo stands sentry, and through the suite of rooms where all the walls are hung with pictures of the year from old Academies.

## The Compromising Kitchen.

The house is one of those that face the Park, not one of those with their backs turned on the view and their kitchens proudly situated in Park Lane itself. It is through the windows of those kitchens that the passer-by, however incurious he may be, catches glimpses of copper pots and aluminium saucepans, or, if he pauses, may see the machine that cuts perfect little new potatoes out of bulky old ones. The attraction of those windows is dangerous. Only the other day a very proper lady, who lives higher up Park Lane, paused involuntarily and looked down at the bright glow of a silver grill. Suddenly she became conscious of a handsome chef waving his hand at her. And now she feels she can never go that way again!

## Cauliflower v. Chow.

The falling tree that smashed Lord Annaly's railings in Berkeley Square, and alarmed the inmates of the whole block, did not find Lord Rosebery at home. He was at Bath, recuperating among old friends, mild airs and second-hand books. All the London squares, by the way, were rather terrifying at seven o'clock that tempestuous night. In Montagu Square, where people were lingering over Forain's wonderful cartoons in Mr. Campbell Dodgson's drawing room, the wind made as much noise in the bare trees as an ordinary well-conducted summer gale does among full foliage. The whole place was filled with a roaring sound quite unlike the usual winter whistle

among skeleton branches. The blowing down of trees, of course, prepares the way for the agriculturists, who, some say, should be invited to grow potatoes and suchlike in the London squares. Such, at least, was the talk at a luncheon-party in Grosvenor Square the other day, and the notion struck nobody as impracticable until one woman asked, "But where, in that case, can we take our dogs?"



A HELPER OF WAR-CHARITIES: MISS MARIE LOUISE ROOSEVELT BUTTERFIELD.

Miss Butterfield, of 14, Curzon Street, and Cliffe Castle, Yorkshire, a very clever amateur artist, has been working for war-charities, and will be an exhibitor at the Royal Amateur Art Society's Exhibition on May 1.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

himself would probably have asked her to sit; and, if Ireland is ultimately to have the portrait, no better choice could be made. Long ago she was painted by Shannon; but the time is ripe for another impression of the pretty Princess.



A WORKER FOR THE FRENCH WOUNDED EMERGENCY FUND: THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW.

The French Wounded Emergency Fund supplied last year a great store of necessities and clothing to some 550 hospitals in France. Lady Linlithgow, who is an ardent supporter of the Fund, was, before her marriage, in 1911, Miss Doreen Maud Milner, younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick George Milner, P.C., and has twin sons—the Earl of Hopetoun and Lord John Adrian Hope, born in 1912—and two little daughters.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

## Yes or No, Who Knows!

Henry James, they now say, had come to be a father confessor to the subtle-minded maidens of the Great World. When in distress they went to him, it is alleged, for counsel. We know how pleased was Meredith to act the sage towards his Lady Ulrica; and it is likely that Henry James was gratified by the confidences of perplexed beauty. But it is hard to believe that these maidens, however subtle, got much advantage from his advice. In the last years of his life his talk was as tortuous as his writing, and who shall say he ever succeeded in doing anything but thicken the plot for his young friends? Heaven only could have helped them to a plain understanding if ever he advised them to take a "yes" or a "no" to the unfortunate suitor who awaited the result of the conference and a plain answer round the corner. There was no ambiguity, however, in his expression of devotion to Britain's cause in the war.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT PERCEVAL N. CARLETON: MISS F. M. BIRD.

Miss Bird is the eldest daughter of Mr. G. W. Bird, of The Manor House, West Wickham, Kent. Lieutenant Perceval Nepean Carleton, Royal Scots Fusiliers, is the eldest son of the late Major W. H. Carleton, of the same regiment.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



INTERESTED IN RICHMOND WAR WORKERS' DEPOT: LADY WAECHTER.

Lady Waechter, who is an assiduous helper at the Richmond War-Workers' Depot, is the wife of Sir Harry Waechter, of Chiddingfold, Surrey, and was Miss Josephine d'Arcy, only daughter of the late Mr. John d'Arcy, of Cobbetstown, Westmeath.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



## THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR'S WIFE AND ELDER DAUGHTER



WELL KNOWN AND POPULAR: LADY BUCKMASTER AND THE HON. MARGARET BUCKMASTER.

Lady Buckmaster, the wife of the Lord High Chancellor of England, was, at the time of her marriage, in 1889, Miss Edith Augusta Lewin, daughter of Mr. S. R. Lewin, of Widford, Herts. Her elder daughter, the Hon. Margaret Anna Buckmaster, devotes much of her time to working for various war charities, and her only son, the Hon. Owen Stanley Buckmaster, a barrister of the Inner Temple, is a Captain in the Duke

of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Lord Buckmaster, who was well known and very popular as Sir Stanley Buckmaster, was Director of the Press Bureau from September 1914 to May 1915, when he became Lord High Chancellor of England and Speaker of the House of Lords, and was created a Privy Councillor. He entered Parliament at the General Election of 1906 as a member for Cambridge.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



## FORM AT A GLANCE.



THE VISITOR: What's *his* trouble?

THE ASYLUM DOCTOR: Oh; he's trying to calculate how many times  
"Form fours!" has been ordered since the war broke out!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## NOT HANGED, BUT SAVED ALIVE! THE NEW CLAUDE DUVAL.



IN "STAND AND DELIVER!" AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS THE NOTORIOUS HIGHWAYMAN  
WHEN HE IS MASQUERADING AS THE CHEVALIER DE PONTAC.

Defying history quite fairly for the purposes of romantic comedy, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy sees to it that Claude Duval, who, we fear, must be called the hero of his play, is not hanged. He contrives that he shall escape from Newgate on the eve of execution, and, as somebody has to be executed, arranges that a minor criminal, holding

a bouquet before his face to mask it, shall take Claude's place on the gallows, the criminal in question having to be hanged anyway, and being willing to personate Duval for a consideration to be paid to his sweetheart. So it comes that Duval is left free to marry Berinthia Opie; and, we may presume, to emigrate with her.

*Photograph by Burford.*





## LUXURIES BANNED?

Dunlop (forcibly): "Luxuries banned Imports prohibited; Motor cars, chassis, motor-cycles and parts and accessories of motor cars and motor-cycles (other than tyres—). What irony! There are enough British tyres—above all, Dunlops—to meet every demand, and yet much needed gold at the rate of £3,500,000 a year is allowed to leave the country in exchange for consignments of unneeded foreign tyres which take up valuable shipping space. This kind of thing is emphatically a luxury the country cannot afford!"

**THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.,**  
**FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY,**  
 Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.      Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.



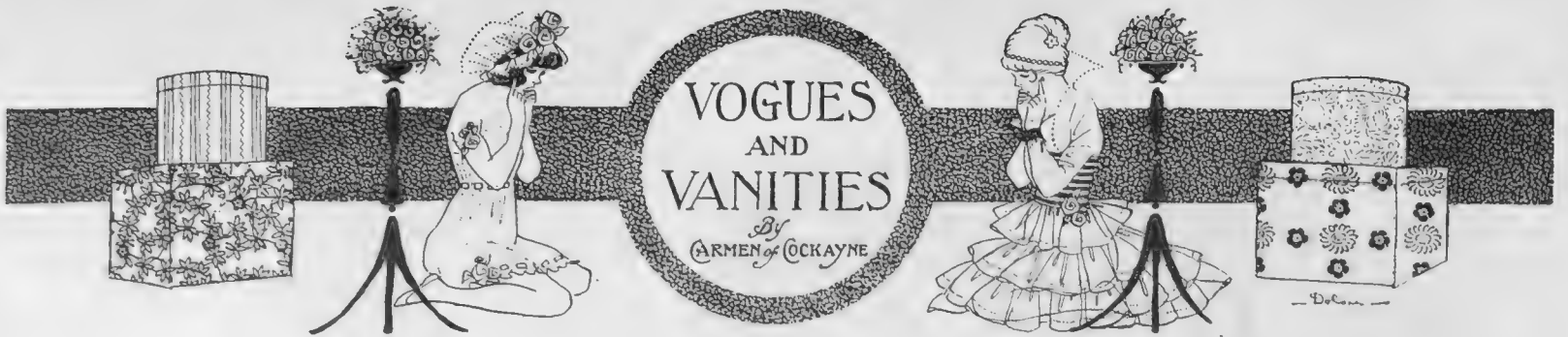
COMPANY MANNERS.



DOLLY: Why is the Colonel's wife so angry with you, Bertie dear?

BERTIE: Well, you know, old girl, I dunno. She said she'd be glad of my company at dinner, and when I took 'em round she didn't seem to like it. Extraordinary woman!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,  
And gauze to encompass it round.

About Heads, Hair, and Hats. Adaptability is the soul of fashion, and "impossible" a word which in La Mode's dictionary finds no place. If it

were not so, styles would remain constant and this world be the duller corner of the universe. How it is that fashion succeeds in fitting the mode to the time and the woman to the mode is a mystery, but season by season the miracle is achieved anew. In theory the crinoline dress of the "vaporous" Victorian miss was a garment about as ill suited to the active, energetic woman of to-day as it would be possible to conceive. But the signal was given for its reappearance, the crinoline came off the "shelf," and, behold, even the once much-abused athletic girl contrives to wear it, or the modern version of it, with a grace and distinction that admit of no criticism. Or again, the decree goes forth that women shall be tall and thin, and straight-way it is so. The plump woman disappears; the slim, svelte woman takes her place, only to vanish later in favour of her more generously covered sister.

The New Coiffures. Just lately it is our heads that have been under-

going a transformation process. A Biblical critic usually rather caustic

Fruit, flowers, and fluttering ribbons of gold tissue supply the crowning touch.

his remarks about woman conceded her one glory—long hair. Fashion last year took a different view, and abundant tresses proved a decided embarrassment to many women in consequence. For whatever poets and lovers may say about long hair, there is very small consolation in the knowledge that your hair is luxuriant and thick, endowed, too, with a provoking tendency to curl and ripple on the smallest provocation, when the fashion demands Indian straightness and sleekness, forbids coils and swathes, and insists upon a smooth rotundity of head that suggests a shiny reel of black silk that is flanked with "whiskers" carefully gummed to resist the too boisterous caresses of an errant wind. But the new hats this year have altered all that, and, while a head puritanically severe consorted well with a frock cut on rigidly plain lines, the befrilled and beflowered garments of spring demand a heady frivolity to correspond, and woman, with the consent of fashion, joyously agrees. So there is the "nyniche" coiffure, with the hair drawn softly back from the forehead and piled high at the back—which is especially adapted to the Watteau hat, with its uncomfortable habit of leaving the back of the head in the lurch—and is often completed with a flower or bunch of ribbons. And if your fancy is attracted by

a bell-like hat, what more natural than that its downward progress should be arrested by soft curls and puffs of hair carefully balanced over each ear? And, since this is the day of the period frock, there is a style of hairdressing whose rose and curl recall a Winterhalter painting; another which is carefully designed to harmonise with the Directoire hat which crowns it; and yet a third which, while it suggests a lady of the early nineteenth century, is sufficiently new to be perfectly up to date.

A Becoming Compromise.

For those to whose beauty the high coiffure is unsuited there remains always the dressing

that rests low on the head, and if it is not strictly modish—for beyond a doubt the hair that is highly placed is also at the height of fashion just now—it has the double advantage of being singularly becoming and wonderfully youthful.

To every coiffure its comb, and especially to the head that shows itself uncovered at such evening entertainments as still exist. There is the wide, high Spanish comb of finely carved tortoiseshell which is thrust sideways into the hair, and the jewelled, palisade-like ornament which finds favour with such as prefer a more elaborate form of ornament, as well as a wide variety of pins and slides whose number it is the pride and pleasure of the artist in gems to increase as often as may be.

The Evening Head-Dress.

The question of the evening head-dress is almost as wide and perplexing as the hat problem. There is still a tendency entirely to envelop the head in caps and turbans of gold

or silver tissue, strands of ribbon, or lighter transparencies of tulle and chiffon. Of these last there are some topical varieties which suggest a nurse's cap, while others are not unlike the French shell-proof helmets. But such reminders of the serious business in which most of the world is engaged seem a little out of place in the gaiety and glitter of a fashionable public restaurant, or the frivolous atmosphere of a crowded "hall," and there are plenty of other ideas both becoming and original, as Dolores shows on this page. The "brow-band" form of adornment still has a number of admirers. Recently it has taken to itself characteristics not unlike those of the Russian national head-dress, and, jewelled or jetted, is equally becoming. Flowers, too, are used in the hair—a revival the responsibility for which lies at the door of such nineteenth-century frocks as are now in vogue.



It originated in Sunny Spain, but that is no valid reason against it being worn in London if the coiffure suits.



True it suggests the crinoline period, but it is up to date in every respect.



To enhance the glory of golden hair. A cap of black tulle circled with jet and trimmed with a spray of coloured flowers.



*War = Time Studdys!*



I.—THE DIFFICULT "PROSPERITY" NO COLLECTOR-FELLOW CAN UNDERSTAND.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## Phillip in Particular. VII.—The Hat.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE first thing that Phillip observed was that there seemed to be at least three M.F.P.s to every prospective man—like the women in the old song—but soon after he saw that Egbert was really the most important thing to notice. Egbert was really the glory of Spring's sunshine in the crowd.

Phillip is rather wonderful. Phillip's clothes have an inner and holy light about them. To look at his tunic, for instance, is to realise that, in spite of your instructions, your tailor has done the damn thing wrong. But, if Phillip is wonderful, Egbert is magnificent. That expresses him: magnificent—but not quite war. I do not know whether he wished to out-Egbert Phillip, but that is the effect. And he does it with his mouth, too. Phillip wears his clothes like that because he can't help himself. Egbert makes a science of it. Egbert considers this "mixing it with brains"—an out-size in "mixing it with brains" is Egbert.

When Phillip's eyes became accustomed to the dazzle of Egbert, he was able to see that there was a large mixed crowd waiting for the "blighty" train to come in. Phillip had come along to meet a pal who was to join him in London on leave. Egbert might be doing that too, but from the look of him he was stalking a whale.

Phillip watched him; it was very pretty—he jiggered and ran about a lot. Phillip could see the lad's brain knitting as he did it. When Egbert fell over his best boots and hit him in the solar plexus with his elbow, he only *strafed* admiringly.

"Tell you what, Egbert," he said, "you go along and do it with Gaby. They will give you what they give Charlie Chaplin a night for it. It's really clever."

"Hullo, Phillip," said Egbert, "are you being witty, or is this your dull moment?" He spoke, so Phillip saw, in a sort of stage-aside. He kept his head averted, his eyes fixed on the crowd.

"I was admiring your dancing," Phillip told him. "If it wasn't dancing, of course—if it was just rheumatics—"

Egbert was startling. Egbert said "Hist!" It wasn't really "hist"—"hists" aren't done now in the best sets—but it was a noise, and "hist" was the quickest translation Phillip could think of. Then, on top of it, Egbert asked—

"Well, what do you make of that hat?"

Phillip tried to follow Egbert's basilisk gaze. He saw a lot of hats. He picked out one he liked.

"Rather ducky," he admitted. "I like the way the fur doesn't quite hide her ears, don't you?"

Egbert almost snarled.

"You've got the wrong gender. Man's hat—soldier man's. Look at it. On that slim, lily-like feller—by the kerb, y'know."

Phillip found the lily-like feller. He was standing in a good position for "look-seeing," and he was watching everything rather carefully. He was an officer of (censored) rank—and his hat was breathless.

An amazing hat that. Wasn't merely that the head was too large, and the hat too small. It was a hat with an air. It was an indefinable hat. A comic hat. A sort of syncopated hat. Oh, really it quite baffled Phillip.

"There, didn't I tell you?" said Egbert with triumph. He looked theodolitically at the officer, to note his exact position and "clock," before he dared take his gaze away. Then he looked deeply at Phillip.

"What did you tell me?" inquired Phillip. "It got lost in the conversation."

Egbert's eyes were brimming with brain.

"Have you ever seen a hat like that before?" he asked in triumph.

Phillip looked again. The lily one's face turned a little towards him then. Phillip saw it and the hat. Phillip's eyes blinked a trifle; he turned to Egbert innocently.

"It would bite into the brain if I had, wouldn't it?" he admitted.

"It would," chuckled Egbert. He liked the brain touch. "And—and don't it convey large truths to you, old thing?"

Phillip looked at the hat again.

"To-day's the day when Aunt has to explain the war to me," he said pathetically. "I'm so simple. To me it's—well, just a funny hat."

Egbert preened his creases.

"That," he insisted, "is where you really fail. It shows that clothes don't really go deep down into you. They don't mean things to you."

"I do generally stop at my little jaeger," said Phillip. "Do you wear something under your skin?"

Egbert ignored that.

"Clothes mean something to me," he said profoundly. "Mean character, y'know. Mean individuality—mean nationality."

Phillip did a start. He did it well.

"I say, Egbert," he gasped, "are you on anything?"

"Good man, you begin to grip. Perhaps you can see that that hat means something now. Who would wear just that sort of hat? What race on earth would dare to don anything like it and not die? What nation indomitably wears a head-covering six times too small for a head two sizes too large?"

Phillip gasped again. Egbert, he thought, was being painfully acute.

(Continued overleaf.)



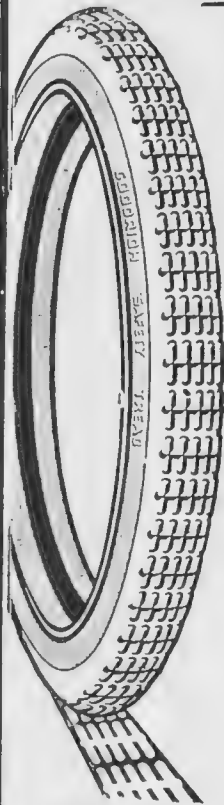
THE DRAMATIC DREAM IN "THE BARTON MYSTERY": RICHARD STANDISH KILLS HIS WIFE, BELIEVING HER TO HAVE BEEN UNFAITHFUL.

"The Barton Mystery" seems likely to fill the Savoy Theatre for a very considerable period. In our photograph are seen Mr. H. V. Esmond, as Richard Standish, M.P.; and Miss Jessie Winter, as Ethel Standish.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



# GOODRICH

## SAFETY TREAD



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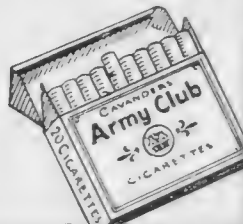
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"Egbert, I believe—I do believe you're clicking on something big?"

"I don't believe—I know," said Egbert finally. "You see, I've given my brain to this sort of thing. I don't fail. I know what that little-hatter is. Most races betray themselves by the cut of their coats, some by the hang of their bags, but his race always by the size of its hats—always."

"Lord, do you think him a—Hun?"

"My dear lad, stoke up your grey matter. Think of all the German bandmen who wore odd sizes in hats before the war and look at him. It's irrefutable."

Phillip looked at the lily one. Well, yes, perhaps it was rather like that. He turned to Egbert.

"Then, if you think that, this fellow is——"

"A spy. That's it, my boy. A very 'cute spy. Tricked out perfectly—look at the cut of the British Warm, great—but not perfectly enough. A spy all right—look at him standing there counting up things. Waiting for the 'Leave' train, to count up more. Ready to push himself into a crowd of our fellows and learn anything. Oh, rather, a one-time spy—but betrayed by his hat."

Phillip looked. He looked and looked. He seemed to choke. Well, the coolness of the lily one was enormous.

"Very well," he said to Egbert. "Come along. We'll run him in."

Egbert hesitated. It is not the manner of brain to be so precipitate.

"Not so rapid," he said. "You can't do it slick like that, y'know. Got to establish a case, y'know. They're cunning——"

"But that hat?"

"Oh, I know. Good enough for us—experts, y'know. But the M.F.P.s aren't so nimble. They'd probably make trouble. An' then he's sure to have a good hand to show, best sort of credentials—very careful they are. While we were doing things he'd bolt."

"Can we, two subjects of old England——?"

"Got to use our brains." Egbert wriggled beautifully. "Got to make sure. Make him show he's a German. Then we have him tight."—"I know," said Phillip intellectually. "We'll go and ask him."

"Why do they pass them in from the kindergarten?" asked Egbert severely. "In other words, don't be infantile, Phillip. No, we've got to do something that will make him give himself away. Something surprising, that will make him lose his disguise in a jerk."

They both stood looking at the hat thoughtfully, kneading their brains for brilliance. Suddenly Phillip smiled beautifully. He touched his delicate moustache. Then he spoke.

"I believe—oh, really, yes, I think I've got it. Heard a yarn 'tother day about a feller stamping on the toe of a man in a crush like this. Quite an accident, but hard. The man who was hurt swore in German during his moment of anger and surprise. Result—trial, firing-party, stamper thanked by the State. Q.E.D."

Egbert shook Phillip's hand. He was like that.

"My dear old thing, that's IT."

"Thought it would be. Brain always rises to occasions. That's why they want me to plan the Great Offensive in the Something."

"Come on!" muttered Egbert passionately.

"Which foot will you stamp?" asked Phillip. "I like the look of the right one."

Egbert frowned. Brains, he considered, should not sink to levity.

"Of course, we mustn't rush him like Apaches. Must be careful. No good bungling."

"Meant the same thing," said Phillip. "I put it into verse, that's all."

"Only one of us better hustle him."

"Oh, rather," agreed Phillip. "Else, who is to catch the swear-words as they drop from his lips? I've a very good ear myself."

"You are rather bigger than I am," Egbert thought.

"Couldn't think of taking your prize from you," said Phillip. "After all, you found the hat and its sinister meaning. It wouldn't really be the thing for me to butt in and snaffle your honours."

The crowd began to shift a little. The lily one made to move. The "Leave" train was signalled.

"Well, we can't argue now," cried Egbert.

"And I suppose really I should do it. Come along, Phillip. Listen hard."

Egbert went straight at the monster of the little hat. He had an effective and bouncing method, Egbert. He roughed it properly. Little hat was really hurt. Egbert didn't stop at his feet, both feet, but he used his elbows with distinction. The bruises he dealt were unequivocal. Egbert, once his brain was roused, left nothing to chance.

The lily one staggered under the impact. He swayed and nearly fell over. Then he began to hop. He hopped vehemently—the foot of the Egbert had been heavy on the corn. And as he hopped his mouth opened. He began to express his secret thoughts.

Phillip had drawn near, but cooly. He was within ear-range, but not more than that. Egbert, however, was well within the radius of invective. Egbert was in a position not to miss a single incriminating word.

The German-hatted one fastened on him with lambent eye.

"You—you avalanche of elephants!" he spluttered. "You cub with the mammoth feet! You sackload of cobbles, Sir! What the brimstone do you imagine you are doing? What the opposition do you mean by running round like an infuriated heckler and trampling all over my feet, Sir? What do you mean by hitting every bone in my unparliamentary body, Sir? You—you——!"

Egbert gaped. The German was doing it all wrong.

"Oh, I say, y'know," he flustered. "Oh, I really say I——"

The lily one stood upright, limping bitterly. He faced Egbert with a countenance rosy with rage. He wagged a fervent finger at the bright lad.

"You're a clumsy, hobble-footed young idiot, Sir!" he snarled.

"You ought to go to a Medical Board about it. You've lamed me, Sir! ME—do you know who you've lamed?"

"I—I rather fancy now that—that I don't," faltered Egbert the brainy. "But I'm terribly sorry. Really, terribly, y'know. . . ."

The little-hat made a great gesture with both hands, glared at Egbert with implacable loathing, turned, and swung off. Egbert stood gaping, intimidated.

"Well," said Phillip sweetly, "it was quaint in sound, but did you think it was German?"

"German!" snapped Egbert. "It was much too mellow for German. And Lord—what a guy I've been. And he seemed to think I ought to have known him. Do I know him? Is he really a friend of mine?"

"What are your politics?" asked Phillip reflectively. "Depends on your side of the House, I think. He's X—, of the House of Commons, you know. Something in some Government, I think."

"Oh, Joffre!" said Egbert, gaping after the hat. "Oh, Pétain—"

of course—that hat. . . . Why didn't I remember?"

"Politicians are strange in their headgear, too," said Phillip. "Just as well to remember the habits of our rulers. Saves—corns."

"Just as well to remember——? You arch demon, you mean you remembered," cried Egbert vindictively—"remembered all the time!"

But Phillip wasn't there. He'd just caught sight of the pal he had come to meet.

THE END.



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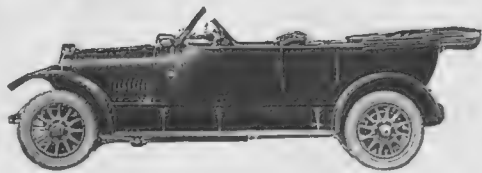


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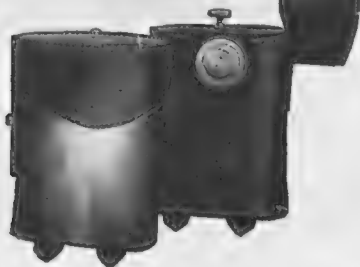
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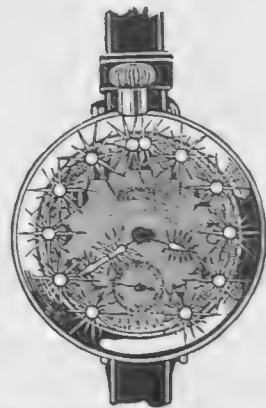
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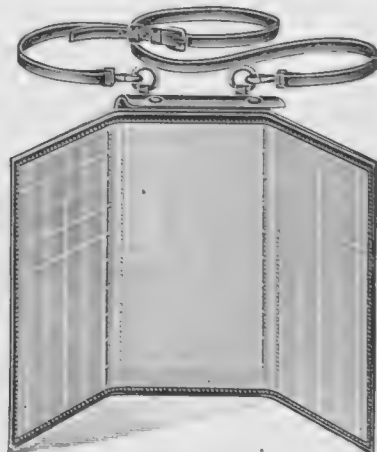
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## WOMAN'S WAYS

Moscow—  
Archangel.

After the war, no one of the Allies will want to go to Germany for distraction or pleasure, and it is doubtful if even Americans will desire to hobnob with a people who would gleefully have drowned them in mid-Channel if they could. So the tide of travel will turn from the shores of the Fatherland, and the Teutons will form a genial family party among themselves, ostracised by decent folk. Russia will certainly be one of the countries most visited by English people, and it is significant that already a service of sleeping-cars has begun between Moscow and Archangel on the White Sea. Forty years ago travellers reached Archangel in a rare cargo steamer (there was no passenger service), and you reached the interior of Russia in a sledge or troitschka drawn by three horses. Soon the famous monastery of Solavetsk, near Archangel, with its gold and bronze cupolas, will be one of the sights which self-respecting tourists will contrive to "do." Russia, indeed, is a fascinating country in which to travel, the chief drawback being the total inability of the people to understand anything but their own complicated language. The railways are excellent, though no sensational trains are run; and both food and sleeping arrangements are very good. But what strikes every traveller in Russia most of all is the kindness and sincerity of Russians, gentle and simple, and their extraordinary religious fervour.

### The Discovery of Sugar.

If you eat enough sugar, the medical profession tell us, you can be just as much of a *viveur* as if you drank draughts of red Burgundy or lived on the most dazzling brands of champagne. It is a real maker of energy, the caloric dynamo which works the human dynamo, probably far superior to alcohol, even in the guise of fine wine. It is a fact that abstainers eat great quantities of sweet things of all kinds, and that the beauty of English children is largely due to many sweetmeats and a damp climate. The old way with infants was to punish them for eating lollipops; now we encourage them by giving them the products of Bond Street shops. The result is the most amazing energy and vivacity among our minute population. The girls of the new generation, too, show distinct evidences of a régime of sugar, particularly in the form of chocolates; they are so muscularly developed as to be able to "floor" a masculine contemporary; and I have seen, with these eyes, a modern Rosalind wrestling—and overthrowing—her Orlando without turning a hair. The sugar diet, I am convinced, is at the bottom of these startling phenomena.

### Back to Our Own Music.

Quite the best of good news is that which announces that England is to come into her musical heritage again. There is a bold company of "Restorationists" who will at once set about this patriotic business. Up to 1914 we were still sending our young musicians to Leipzig, whence they returned to deluge us with wild and whirring symphonies and intricate sonatas which had nothing of the atmosphere of these islands about them. English music "made in Germany" meant nothing, expressed nothing, and that is the secret of its want of success. The affair already bristles with surprises. At a coming festival at St. Paul's we are actually to have English music instead of German, which will cause dismay among the intellectual cosmopolitans; and we are shortly to have "a grand demonstration of the English idiom" in London, while a lecturer on these lines is already converting our soldiers in France. Our songs of the sea and the land, of war and love, of harvest and hunting, are so stirring and so sane that this is obviously the psychological moment to restore them to our hearts again.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. MALLESON'S comedy, called "Youth," which the Stage Society produced the other day, reminded me of bygone times, when problem-plays were in vogue—a few of them interesting; the rest, otherwise. On the whole, "Youth" belongs to the otherwise. The comic passages are entertaining to playgoers curious about the things which happen behind the curtains. We had scenes on the stage during a rehearsal, and in a dressing-room, and on the boards before and after the representation of a piece; and the stage carpenter, cleverly presented by Mr. Nigel Playfair, was very funny; the producer, humorously acted by Mr. Fred Groves, was quite diverting; and Mr. Norman Page made us laugh by his vivid picture of the overworked stage-manager. When we came to the serious characters, dullness approached. One could hardly feel thrilled concerning the young prig of a dramatist and his agonies over the question whether he would or would not marry a heroine who seemed quite willing to live with him without any vulgar ceremony before parson or registrar. They both talked prodigiously, and so, too, did the other principals, the actor and the strong-souled woman who gave an account of their experiences in free love. In this column no narrow view has ever been taken of the province of the stage; indeed, *The Sketch* has always maintained the right of the theatre to handle tactfully the great problems of life; but there are topics which require greater discretion in treatment than is exhibited by the author of "Youth." There is one novelty in the work which I commend with enthusiasm. To the

best of my belief, the telephone was never used in it. What a relief! The chief characters were represented very ably by Mr. Milton Rosmer, Mr. Henry Ainley, and by Miss Lilian Braithwaite. Miss Athene Seyler showed cleverness as the heroine, but must get rid of the habit of punctuating her speeches by gasps.

It was not very easy to imagine Mr. Arthur Bourchier as the dashing young highwayman, Claude Duval: the part seemed to be intended for one of the players commonly regarded as "romantic actors," and one can hardly say that in "Stand and Deliver" he shows himself fully suited for the task. He gave us a clever, rather heavy, elaborate performance, with a complicated broken-English accent working upon no system that I could discover; but of the true romantic note there was little. Of course, one cannot blame a character-actor for not being a romantic actor, any more

than one could blame Mr. Harry Lauder for not being a Cinquevalli. Mr. J. H. McCarthy's piece was just what one expected in style, though rather surprising is the fact that, whilst we had a great deal of talk about the Gentlemen of the Road, the highwayman aspect of the matter is of trifling importance in the play. It may very well be that some of the audience, during the sentimental scenes, thought rather regretfully of a famous line about "cutting the cackle and coming to the 'osses." One sentimental scene must be excepted—that in which Miss Miriam Lewes as mistress of a tavern, made love vainly to Claude. For her acting was so fine as to impress the audience very considerably, and she won hearty applause. People are not so cruel as to set down the plots of romantic comedies, so there is no need to tell the story, which, to the best of my belief, bears practically no relation to the life-history of Duval. It is full of adventures, and the hero, thanks to his friends, gets out of great dangers and escapes the gallows in the end. There were excellent performances by Mr. Murray Carrington and Mr. Roy Byford as the villains of the piece. In the part of an eccentric follower of Duval, Mr. Charles Rock acted with plenty of skill and much energy. Miss Kyrle Bellew looked very pretty in some becoming frocks; Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw gave a vigorous, effective picture of a wicked old Judge; Miss Dorothy Green was charming in too small a part. The piece is quite handsomely mounted, and the dance was exceedingly pretty.



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LORD FRENCH'S DAUGHTER AND THE BLIND: THE HON. ESSEX FRENCH.

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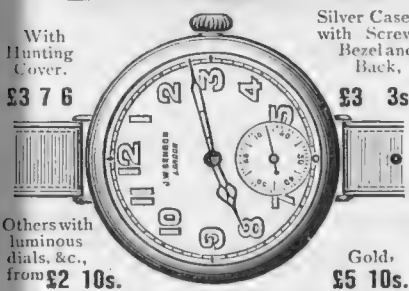


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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## Royal Fashions.

"The Queen can do no wrong" is a maxim that holds good in the realm of fashion as of other important affairs. Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra, and Queen Mary have all been laws to themselves in the matter of dress. While all their Majesties seemed on every occasion to be dressed most suitably, none of them were ever, or are ever, seen in what we call the van of fashion. They leave competitive dressing to ladies of less degree. Queen Victoria, I have heard, was, in her girlish days, very fond of lace, ribbons, and artificial flowers, and was extremely particular about her fallals, and to wear such colours as suited her. Queen Alexandra was always devoted, for day wear, to the severe tailor-made; and, for indoors and evening, to the Princess style. From these sartorial and modistic affections she does not depart. Queen Mary likes rich and handsome clothes, and close-fitting bodices and skirts of quite good length; through all the distinct alterations in fashion her Majesty permits only some modification, never any radical change, in her dress. The King is quite agreed that Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary are just what is right in dress, so Princess Mary is also brought up in the tradition that royalty forms its own fashion.

## A Marchioness and Motorists.

Very smart and business-like looked the Marchioness of Londonderry in her khaki uniform as President of the "Women's Legion of War Workers," when she opened the new premises for Central Instruction of the British School of Motoring last week. The big shops, and lathes of several sizes, the mechanics' benches, and all the many models of the things which make up the internal mechanism of cars, were to be seen on all sides. There were, however, flowers and flags in festive contrast. Lady Londonderry explained that Mr. Caryton Roberts, Managing Director of the School, had arranged for the training there of a section of the Women's Legion. She said that a prejudice against women as drivers had been killed by their proficiency. Miss Ellis, who was with her in the uniform of Commandant of a Company of the Legion, had driven in France for some months. Her cargo was ten men, her hours sometimes from 8 a.m. until 2 a.m. following. She did all the running repairs, and cleaned the car also; she carried equipment, including boilers, to camps and hospitals. There was now assurance that the Government would give a trial to women drivers, and, if they proved efficient, there would be a largely increased demand for their services. "So," said Lady Londonderry, looking round on the very spacious, perfectly equipped, well lighted and heated premises, "it is good to know that women can be trained; and, if they cannot learn here, I am sure that they cannot learn anywhere!"

went about, to see women skimming along driving cars, and showing great tact and moderation—quite the last things we expect of women, he added slyly, and this raised a good laugh. However, after saying how much the school owed to Lady Londonderry for opening it, he said an earnest word or two about women and their work in war-time, and finished with the handsome encomium that "personally, he considered women a thousand times braver than men!" The new premises of the British School of Motoring cover a great deal of ground; there are separate galleries for different parts of the training, which is most thorough in every department.

The offices are at Coventry House, 5, Coventry Street. A model in silver of an ambulance with a Women's Legion chauffeuse was presented to Lady Londonderry as a souvenir of her having opened what is said to be the largest and best-equipped motor school in the world.

## Official Advice.

I've had a circular from the Government telling me to grow more potatoes, keep more chickens and more pigs, and to fill in a paper to say if I am willing to augment what I am doing. A cottage with a quarter of an acre of garden, neighbours at either side and at the back and opposite, does not afford much opportunity for farming. However, I am growing potatoes—I have a very strong idea, chiefly for the benefit of grubs, worms, and other earth-dwellers; still, if it is a duty, it must be performed. Last year I grew peas and scarlet-runner beans. The peas, in labour, seed, manure, and fertiliser, cost 7s. 6d., and afforded one dish—a very tiny dish. The beans gave a better result—up to about 10 lb.; but at no period while eating them would they have cost more than 2½d. a lb., usually 1d. Official economy indeed! The odour of chickens and pigs under our noses would effectually kill our own and neighbours' appetites for fowl or pork—perhaps that is true thrift?

## Bringing It Home.

A friend of mine has a little gang of heroes that she worships in the most practical of all ways. She is extremely thoughtful for them, and tries to be genially kind to them. One is Signaller Ellis Silas, of the 16th Battalion Australian Imperial Force. She took me to see his pen-and-ink drawings executed at Anzac. They are in a couple of little groups in the Fine Art Society's Galleries, and it took me a long time to see them, because there was a mist in my eyes. Anything more eloquent of a great and simple heroism than these fine drawings I cannot imagine. Under each is an extract from a diary, saying what the incident depicted is. There is no sensationalism, no fine narrative, no embellishment. Straightforward facts, bold and clever drawing, speak out eloquently from those frames of the bravest men the world has ever known, wrestling, for a righteous cause, with an impossible task. My friend's artist hero is also a soldier hero, and I shall always be glad that I have seen his unique and quite admirable drawings.

## Going Strong and Smelling Sweet.

The beautiful "C.C." perfumes of Courvoisier have not suffered through the war. Their characteristic of being the concentrated essence of the flowers they represent, acquired without spirit, makes them very lasting, and the little bottles with the dropper on the stopper are most fascinating. Once a user of these perfumes, none other are required. The "C.C." perfumes are the same price, 3s. 6d., and are obtainable at all chemists, or at Courvoisier's salon in New Bond Street. They are universal favourites.

## Women as Motor-Drivers.

Sir Arbuthnot Lane, who is much more of a doer than a sayer, proposed a vote of thanks to Lady Londonderry. He was amazed, he said, as he



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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE ETHICS OF RACING: TO BE OR NOT TO BE? A FLUTTER IN THE DOVECOTES.

## Motoring to the Racecourse.

It is curious to note that, as heretofore, the only letters that appear in the daily Press in criticism of "pleasure" motoring continue to be directed against the stream of cars that may be seen upon the road on the day of any local race-meeting. Not a single person has dared to deny that ordinary private car-owners have done, and are doing, nobly by their country in the way of ambulance, hospital, and recruiting work, or has ventured to contend that "pleasure" motoring of the pre-war kind is visible to any appreciable extent. But this racing question crops up so often that one is bound to refer to it anew. Once more let it be pointed out that the Government, in sanctioning a certain number of meetings, expressly asked that no demands should be made upon the railways. What more natural, then, than that the people who choose to go to a race-meeting should use a motor-car as a means of locomotion? They have no option, in fact, if they are to obey the Government's request. But let it also be pointed out that the major portion of the vehicles employed are either taxicabs or hired cars, and are used largely by the bookmaking fraternity:

## Should It Be Stopped?

The whole question, therefore, of whether there is any offence in the matter, in the shape of luxurious indulgence, is centred in the legitimacy or otherwise of racing. As to this, I proffer no opinion, for the simple reason that I know nothing and care less about horse-races. I have watched numerous motor-races, but never have I seen horses racing, except from a South-Western train when a Sandown meeting was in progress. Now, if I have learned anything in the course of my journalistic or private career, it is the super-sublimated folly of laying down the law on other people's avocations or pursuits; the nonsense I have read or listened to about things which I myself have practised, such as motoring or golf, has effectually dispelled any desire to indulge in similar follies. All that I can say about horse-racing and the present dispute, therefore, is that certain people regard it as justifiable; if it is not, the Government should stop it altogether. But while it is permitted, it is to the last degree unjust and absurd to charge motorists generally with indulging in "pleasure" because a certain number of people, for business or other reasons, use cars as a means of getting to a place where a race-meeting is being carried out.

## An Unfair Suppression.

The extent to which public opinion is influenced by the *suppressio veri* has once more been shown in the case of the treatment by the daily Press of the Royal Automobile Club's reply to the War Savings Committee's "appeal." The General Committee of the Club, as I stated last week, collected evidence from every part of the kingdom, and based thereupon a temperately worded but conclusive reply. Although the original document from the War Savings Committee had been published broadcast throughout the kingdom, the papers gave the detailed reply the scantiest favour, and in the case of the *Times* it was accorded a six-lined paragraph only, placed under an article which concerned another subject altogether!

## Aircraft at the Front.

Nothing, perhaps, in the conduct of the war has provided a bigger fluttering in the dovescotes than the case of the Government versus Mr. Pemberton-Billing. On the one hand, the Government and its defenders appear to have been astounded at the disclosures of the ex-airman M.P.; on the other hand, their surprise is equalled by that of thousands who were already cognisant of the facts, and cannot understand why the Government should have remained so long in ignorance. Over and over again, for example, the condition of

things as regards the Royal Aircraft Factory has been described in the *Aeroplane*—a journal which, during the war period, has published much outspoken matter. But aviation is a highly technical subject, and what has been going on is that, when a Minister is tackled in the Commons, or anticipates an attack, he obtains his information from the Royal Aircraft Factory itself. But it is the R.A.F. which is the incriminated party—a thing which appears to have greatly perturbed all those who believe that all is for the best in this best possible of worlds. The R.A.F. does not build many aeroplanes itself, but it places orders for shoals of machines to be built to its own patterns in motor and other factories. The main principle of the R.A.F. type of aeroplane is stability, which is a very good thing in its way,

but the war has shown that other qualities are more imperatively required, such as quick rising and high speed, dual-control, and adequate powers of attack and defence. In these essential factors the Government machines have sometimes proved inferior to those produced by independent firms.



IN PHOENIX PARK: THE HON. MRS. IAN MAITLAND.

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Maitland, seen at the wheel of her car in Phoenix Park, Dublin, is the wife of Captain the Hon. Ian Maitland, heir to Viscount Maitland and grandson of the Earl of Lauderdale. Mrs. Ian Maitland takes much interest in Dublin efforts for the comfort of the troops. Her husband is A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant. Mrs. Ian Maitland is a daughter of Mr. James Jardine Bell-Irving, of Rokeby, Barnard Castle.—[Photograph by Poole.]



SOME WOMEN'S WORK IN WAR-TIME: CAB-WASHING AND CLEANING.

The shortage of men brought about by the war has resulted in a recruiting of women for work hitherto considered a masculine monopoly. Motor-cab and omnibus companies have availed themselves largely of women's help, and many hundreds are employed by them as cab-washers and cleaners. Our picture shows a number of them at their work in a large depot, suitably garbed in overalls and stout clogs.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]





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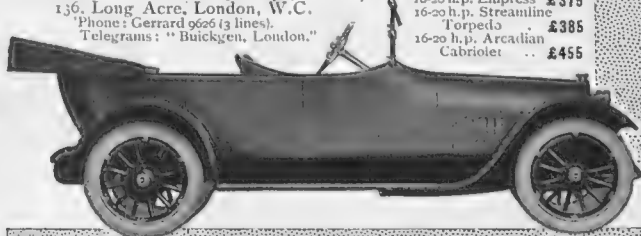
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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"The Individual."**

BY MURIEL HINE.

(Bodley Head.)

Very seriously, Mrs. Coxon reviews the action of love upon a medical man with passionate professional theories about eugenics. It is not the custom for a lover, before proposing, to write to the family doctor in the native town of his beloved; there was no mystery or any sign of ill-being about the fresh young creature he adored; but Orde Taverner being there to expound the struggle between theory and practice, it is understood that he would be drawn into unloverlike departures. By means of much tangled coincidence, the ardent eugenicist is led to believe all is well, and subsequently to marriage that all went ill: his mother-in-law having, apparently, died in a mad-house! It must be said there is a want of sturdy thought throughout the story. Given the eugenic theory, is it right or wrong to sacrifice the individual to it? The individual is not sacrificed in Mrs. Coxon's story; first, because the theorist was reassured before marriage; and last, because his grave fears were wiped out by the knowledge of his wife's real parenthood. So, Mrs. Coxon shirks the real heart of her problem every time. She marries her eugenicist upon a medical declaration of the bride's family history; she separates them upon discovery of the mother in the mad-house, but too late for prevention of issue; and she reunites them when it is definitely ascertained that the bride had another, and a medically satisfactory parentage. She lends the lover enough humanity to regret the knowledge that comes to him too late; but she fails to illumine the

worrying problem of justice in a conflict between race and individual. She has made a story of it, a story that misses the white heat of emotion, though it is hammered with the blows of many sorrows.

**"Security."**

By Ivor Brown.

(Martin Secker.)

Those of us accustomed to see a distinguished little weekly review have associations with the name of the author of "Security." But this review, always distinguished and often brilliant, stands defiantly in fighting array for everything that it is perilous to fight for; it lives dangerously every Wednesday, it is instinct with chivalry, and we all know what a life of it the followers of Don Quixote may expect. However, here is Mr. Ivor Brown presenting a hero who asks nothing more than a basis for his own life which should be congenial and permanent. One might as justly say that he asked nothing less, for it is much to demand. As a don, John found the dreamy, moist air of Oxford unbearably stuffy. He inherited money, and struck a glad tangent towards London, labour trouble, the Red Flag, political and journalistic intrigue. Even that whirlpool never disturbed his balance—fastidiousness and a dull imperturbability held him safe; and then, in flight from its noisy futility, he fell into a Cornish village—and love! "I've got it. . . . Now I understand all about the universe, and I'm in a position to give you straight tips. . . . Fall in love, damn you. It's a very childish and perfect thing." So he wrote to another don. Ah, well, it was not so long before he discovered boredom. A very subtle piece of tragedy, we perceive; and worthy, after all, of that brilliant little review.



THE BASHFUL BOOKWORM AND THE LADY WHO IS NOT BASHFUL UNITED BY CUPID: MR. MORTON AND MRS. DELYSIA, WITH MISS AILNE AS CUPID, IN A NEW VICTORIAN EPISODE IN "MORE," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

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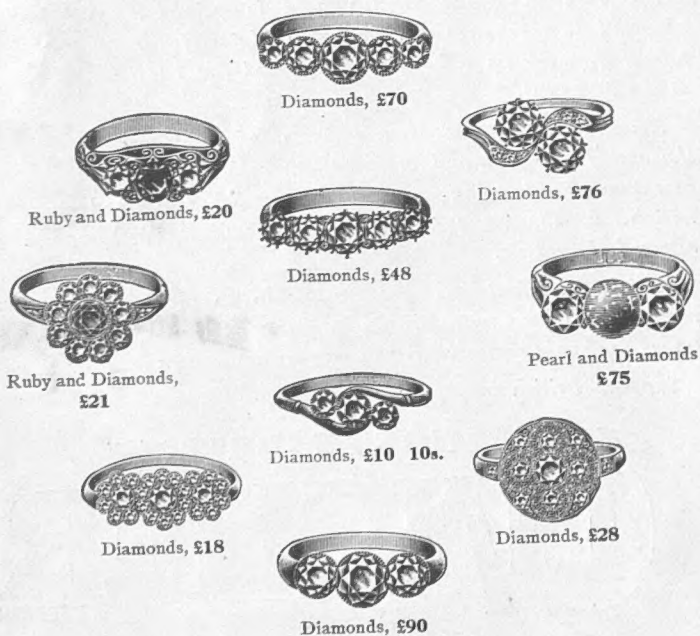
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